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SCRAPS.

MANUAL LABOR SCHOOLS.

In addition to some remarks made by us last week, we would remark that another argument in favor of Manual Labor Schools is their tendency to elevate labor to the rank of a liberal profession. From the fact that manual labor has almost always been performed by the poor, the uncultivated, the ignorant, or the enslaved man's associations with it are of a very unpleasant character. They are in a majority of cases impatient of it, anxious to flee from it, and obtain their living by some other means. Disgust at labor, desire to obtain the means of living without it, prompts to all the crimes against property committed in any civilized community. If we could only have it felt by ALL the members of the community that manual labor is not only as honest but as honorable a means of obtaining a living as mercantile pursuits, or as any of the learned professions, there would be very few crimes in the community, and we do not believe a jail or prison would be needed.

But without insisting upon this to so great an extent, we may say without being thought extravagant by any one, that the elevation of labor to the rank of a liberal pursuit, would have a vast influence in lessening crime and diminishing the evils of society. No man dreams of labor, merely on account of its requiring physical exertion. He avoids it simply on the ground of the ideas he associates with it. To make men love it, all we have to do is to make it honorable, and then the energy, which is now wasted in fashionable dissipation, in branches of trade now crowded, or in devising methods to get a living without labor, will be profitably and pleasantly employed in the mechanic's shop, in the garden or on the farm.

To raise labor to the rank of which it speaks, we must elevate the characters of those who labor. We must make the laborer a man of high moral feelings, a cultivated mind, and refined tastes and manners. These schools will have this tendency. The rich will support them, the educated portion of the community will gladly send their children to them. The children of all classes will meet together in them, and will not only study together, but work together, or acquire habits of industry and tastes for the useful together. What a charming picture would be presented by one of these schools, where the young of all classes in the full of health, in the beauty of innocence and innocence of childhood should all hail each other as teachers and join together in the same lesson in science and in industry.

In addition to the fact that the children of what are sometimes called the higher classes would be inured to habits of industry, and thus reconciling the children of the poor to labor, the children of the poor would come to have good manners, and cultivated minds and tastes. They would be educated beings, refined and moral, and these reflect their own characters upon labor. They would give the dignity and refinement of their characters to their pursuits. There is more in this thought than we have time or room to bring out; but our readers can judge for themselves.

It is in no man's power to imagine the glorious moral revolution which would be effected in society, if on the one hand the children of the more favored classes were brought up to manual labor, and on the other the children of the poor, to their nature and a virtue. Labor then would be perfectly honorable, no one would count it a hardship, all in fact would love it. Each would perform his share, and each would become the scene of love and good will, and man would everywhere find himself in harmony with the Divine will. We hope the friends of Universal Education will show their attachment to it, by giving their aid and influence in favor of Manual Labor and Common Schools.

MAY DAY.

This day was but poorly enjoyed at the usual time, the season was so backward; but for several days the weather has been delightful. How delightful the month of May, with its sunny days, its refreshing rains, and pleasant showers accompanied by agreeable thunder—there is something in the voice of Heaven's artillery which, when it is heard in the distance, strikes the ear with a solemn grandeur not unmingled with pleasure—and a sun rise this morning (May 20th) in a clear sky, and never looked down upon a fairer scene, on a May-day, than that which surrounds our Village and country as far as the eye can extend. What beauty in the green grass; what sweetness in the fresh blossoms; what perfume in the fragrant air; what purity in the clear sky; what music in the song of birds; what harmony in the voice of the rivulet, the silver fountain, and the gushing stream, as they wind their way to the vast world

of waters; and what beauty, glory and power, what greatness and goodness, and love, in the grand whole. Is there a being with soul so dead, that he can go forth and tread the mossy banks of our mighty rivers, climb the dizzy summits, piled high towards the heavens by the giant arms of nature, breathe the mountain air, gaze upon the broad book of nature, changed as it now is from "gloom to glory," and see the name of Creator God imprinted on every leaf and flower, and deny the truth of the declaration that "He hath made everything beautiful in his time." And what heart among the thousands of the young and old that go forth to enjoy the scene do not beat higher, and feel happier, and resolve to be better, and become, if they are not already, good citizens.

To be serious: If such an exhibition as this, with "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks and good in everything," would not make democrats, we hardly know what would. Dame Nature is no respecter of persons; she has no special laws, no monopolies. Her laws are equal—it is only man's laws that are unequal. There is not one of the poorest little boys and girls that go forth on a May morning, that has not as good a right to, that cannot enjoy as much of the morning sun, the breath of the pure air, the sight and perfume of the bright flowers, the songs of the sweet birds, and the luxury of a roll on the verdant grass, as the children of the rich nabobs of city or town. How much we poor democrats have to be thankful for—in fact, how very, very rich we are in some things!

To be a little more serious. How can a mind that is not wholly depraved, gaze upon nature in a "season like this," when she is throwing off death robes of winter, and putting on the spring garments of a new life, and not look through nature "up to nature's God," and be quickened and established in the faith of the immortality of the soul? Shall the plant rise from its grave, and the soul, formed in the image of its Maker, have no resurrection from the tomb? Nature, in all her manifestations, speaks unto man in a language that cannot be misunderstood, and to which he ought to listen and regard, for "the voice of NATURE is the voice of God."

PLEASURES.—It is not that which heosts us the most to behold, says a good writer, that furnishes us the greatest amount of pleasure. Nay, the best and purest pleasures are enjoyed without the cost of a farthing. What gives more pleasure than thoughts than a glorious sunrise? There is exquisite pleasure in beholding a natural scene—the birds, the flowers, and the waters. Because such means of enjoyment are within their reach, hundreds will not esteem them, but pay dearly for what really produces no pleasure. To the correct heart, every thing brings enjoyment. The pure air and the beautiful shower—the morning and the evening sky—the fleecy cloud and the pellucid heavens—the rain drop and the snow flake. Such pleasures are cheap and exquisite. You may drink and drink again, and yet grow more and be happier with every returning hour.

SECRECY.—One great ingredient in friendship is secrecy. We trust no one sooner than him who always "is what he seems" for he has always proved that his heart, when shown to us, is truly shown, so that when he gives his word to be faithful it is believed confidently. You listen to the expressions of a sincere person as the outpouring of the heart, and feel a secret influence drawing you toward him and engaging your deepest and truest sympathies. To one who opens his feelings so truly to you, it is easy for you to be equally candid—and the exchange of such an honest interchange of thoughts is the very foundation of friendship—the secret from which springs the delight kindred spirits have in communing with each other.

IMPATIENCE.—We are too impatient. Many a flattering prospect is blasted for the want of a little restraint over the passions and impatient mind. We can but we will not govern ourselves. Dissatisfied with the present, seeming to see no track, we seek a shorter road to fortune, and only become conscious of our error when overwhelmed with the difficulties of a business, plunged into too hastily. We listen too often and too earnestly to the stories related of "fortunes being made in a day" to even bear patiently—and grow rich—the safest and surest road by far to wealth.

"*And what a comfort to the eye*"—There are other ways of hiding an enemy than by deserting to his standard. Those who are quite as effectually, who seize every opportunity to discredit the patriotic army of our country, and thus encourage the enemy. When with this view, and it can be with no other, facts are disclosed and perverted, to the injury of the country's cause, those who are willfully concerned in such *discreditable* conduct are guilty of a MORAL TREASON, at least though their offense is, perhaps, not recognizable by law. And really, when we see the infamous conduct in this respect, of certain religious and editorial persons, we cannot but violently suspect, they want but the power to serve the enemy in any way that would not put their lives in jeopardy. *National Intelligencer*, Feb. 13, 1847.

See paper for the power of true friendship.

THE STORY TELLER.

[From the Ladies' Album.]

NED BAYLIE'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. E. A. W. NEWHALL.

Didst ever know PATTY CARY? No!—Well then, you have lost the acquaintance of the wildest, merriest witch of a maiden that ever was known. Let me see—how shall I describe her? I never could describe a merry maiden. Their laughing black or blue eyes and rosy dimples will keep coming up, and make me forget all their characteristics. What shall I do, then, to make your acquaintance with Patty Cary? Why, I will just refer you to some such description as I want to give, but am unable—Yes, Panny Forester—dear Panny Forester is just the one. Read Panny's merriest description of a merry maiden, and you'll have Patty Cary.

She had wasted her whole summer in walking—walking did I say? I should rather say running over the hills, and now fall had overtaken her, all unprepared. She was the head of the family, for her mother had been dead for two years, and there were half a dozen little nephews dependent upon her care.

What shall I do? she said to her father, in tones which sounded rather desponding for her. School commences next week, and not one of the children are fitted.

Her father looked up from his paper, and said quietly, "Why don't you have a bee? Your mother used to have sewing-bees when you were all small, and get heaps of work done."

Patty's bright face grew brighter, and she clasped her hands at the idea. "Capital!" she exclaimed. "I'll do that. There are more than a dozen girls who will be glad to come, and she began counting them to herself—Susan Davis, Peggy Wilson, Mary Dawson, Kate Ring—Oh, yes, there's twenty."

But you must cut the work out, Patty, interrupted her father, and have everything all ready in order so they will be able to accomplish something. You can go down to Squire Walton's in the morning, and get your materials.

Ah, what a load was off Patty's mind. To go down to Squire Walton's to have twenty girls and a frolic, and all the winter's sewing, which had so long been a bug-bear to her would be done.

How busily her little fingers did fly for a few days! If she had but worked as busily long, she would have needed no bees to help her, for the whole hive would be drones, compared with her.

There were frocks and aprons, to say nothing of the pantafolets and pantaloons. When all the work was out and piled up on the old-fashioned round-table, which had been turned down out of the corner for the occasion, then came the thought that something must be prepared for tea; for surely she could not ask them to work without a rich treat.

But she sat about the preparations with hearty good will. I wish you could have seen her, dear reader, when she was making those nice pies. Her sleeves were pushed up above her elbows, and never was flatter arm displayed at home or ball-room. A cheerful apron covered the clean, dainty morning dress; her cheeks covered with roses, and her mouth with dimples, she sang merrily at her task. Soon the long, nicely scoured table began to give evidence of her success. Pumpkin pies, of the richest color, leaves of white and brown bread of pungent lightness, tarts, cakes, and other little or others. And now she was taking out of her bag not a bag of flour, which was to answer for something more substantial.

The hive was now already, and only waiting for the bees to swarm. The night before the snow fell gently and noiselessly, and covered the earth with its beautiful soft carpet. But in the morning the sun rose as clear, and shone as bright as if the elements had not been disturbed. Patty swept and dusted the parlour, and a blazing fire crackled on the hearth. Immediately after dinner the girls began to gather in, and then such a buzzing.

When Patty thought they had pretty much all gathered in, she began to distribute her work. Not one in three had provided their own needles, thimbles, scissors, or needles. Patty had forgotten to furnish either, so brother John a stout boy of twelve, was summoned to do their bidding and was kept pleading through the snow, first in one direction, then another, till the afternoon was well nigh spent. However, they did console each other, and promised to make amends in the evening—the long, quiet evening that was coming. Patty had thought as they were going to meet to work, it would not be polite to invite any boys. When Mr. Cary came home to tea, he said Patty should not make his appearance again till they had gone, for he could not stand such a chatter. "John," said he, "may take the pony and away then home."

The worked busily till eight o'clock, and had really done wonders, when Patty sprang up all at once, and throwing down her work, declared she could keep in no longer, and they must devote the rest of the evening to frolic and frolic. All following her example, and such a babbling succeeded!

What shall we do?

Who does not know that when a party

all ready and waiting for a frolic, it is hard to devise anything to do?

"Let's get a sleigh," said Patty, "and have a coast down the hill back of the house."

All were in trim for a frolic, no matter what. "Can we get a sleigh up on the hill?" asked one.

"Oh, yes," replied many voices.

"We'll get NED BAYLIE'S," said Patty, "he has a new light one—a real beauty. What say to having the first ride?"

"Capital," they all replied at once.

No sooner was the purpose formed, than they were on the way to accomplish it.

Ned Baylie was a fine young farmer, on whom all the lasses in town had fixed their eyes for the last few years. He had always kept a fine horse and carriage, and now had just purchased a splendid sleigh. His barn was near by Mr. Cary's and a long way from the house. Every thing was favorable, and the girls suppressed their mirth as they went out, only suffering it to show itself in a low giggle.

Some of the hardest fingers unhasped the barn door, and the new sleigh was drawn noiselessly from its new resting-place. They tugged away till their cheeks were warm and rosy with the exercise; but they succeeded in getting it on the top of the high hill. The sleigh wasn't very large, but then they piled a good many girls into it, and the rest were to have their turn next time. When it was all ready, and the girls all packed in, then came the conclusions of laughter—some of them fell down in the snow, and laughed and shook in as unbecomingly as possible.

They really wanted to give one shout when they started; but no—possibly that might betray them.

So off they went in silent glee, and on they went with the sleigh full speed, till half way down the hill, they struck violently against a rock. Then came a suppressed shriek, and the girls tumbled out, half one side and half the other, and crash went Ned Baylie's new sleigh, in atoms. The girls from the top of the hill came running down, and all was fright and consternation. Now their joy was turned to grief. What should he do? There was only one alternative, and that was to leave the sleigh where it was, and say nothing about it. If nobody told, Ned would never find out. Some of the girls didn't seem to care much, but Patty Cary, wild thing as she was, actually shed tears. I will not say she was not selfish. Perhaps she thought she might sometime have had a pleasant ride in it; for Ned had often cast love glances towards the merry flirt, and she always blushed to when he stepped along side of her, and never laughed at or coquetted with him, as she did with some men. She knew herself to be the whole cause of the disaster, and she thought (reasonably enough too) that she might incur his just displeasure. But they plucked their way back to the house still as mice. A damper had been put upon their mirth.

Very soon the company dispersed, and many promises of secrecy were exacted from each other at partings.

Patty trembled lest she should show signs of guilt when she should hear of it, but she resolved to try for once to conceal her knowledge of the circumstance.

When Mr. Cary came into breakfast the following morning, he said—Well, a pretty scrape some of our rule boys had last night. Ned Baylie's new sleigh was taken out of the barn, drawn to the top of the hill back of the house, and evidently intended to have a ride; but the sleigh ran again a week coming down, and smashed up her pretty well. Ned has offered ten dollars reward, and he's a pretty sharp one. I rather guess he'll find 'em out. Sorry times for 'em if he does."

Patty's lip quivered a little, and her heart went pit-a-pat, but her father never noticed any change in her demeanor.

For the next few days nothing was talked of but this daring outrage. It was reported that Ned had sworn, if he did find out, to be pretty well revenge.

But yet the secret was well kept, notwithstanding all the slanders put upon the fair sex about secret keeping. Now I want to ask if this is not an unbecomable argument in favor of their caution and reserve? Here were but last twenty maidens all hugging a pretty important secret. Not a fit could Ned hear.

Patty could not act herself, though, when she saw him, and soon began to fancy he was not quite so attentive as he had been formerly. Whether it was for this cause, or not I could not tell surely she has lost some of her vivacity, and didn't seem quite as happy as formerly. Her father was constantly praising Ned Baylie for his industry and enterprise, and he would add, with a shy look at Patty, "I need to think he had an eye to some of my property once, but he has concluded to hold a paragon."

Patty always turned and blushed herself about something else, to hide her confusion. For countless she always was. Patty used to be so much what pined, too, as a girl going to a laborer, so often. She couldn't see any peculiar attractions in Susan—not that, perhaps, he could though.

Mary Dawson was going to have a party, and of course all in that section were invited. Patty thought of Ned Baylie's wandering attentions, when she arrived at her home and doors, and

really she did look far prettier than any other girl. O, what a merry time they had. 'Twas fine sleighing, and several young men proposed to the rest getting up a regular sleigh-ride for the next week. To go out about twelve miles and have a dance and a supper, was what they proposed. Never was a better opportunity chosen to propose a thing of this sort. All were on the *qui vive*.

No sooner had they got their plans well managed, then Ned Baylie stepped to the side of Patty Cary, resolved to secure her for a partner for himself.

Patty was not in just the right mood to receive his attentions very cordially. She tossed her head, and replied very scornfully to several remarks he made, and soon as a favorable opportunity occurred, turned to chat in her most fascinating manner with one who had long been a rival for Ned, with the merry girl.

Ned muttered as he turned on his heel—She needn't think to come any of her coquettish tricks on me, for she's got the wrong man."

As soon as Ned was beyond the reach of her voice, her vivacity all forsook her, and she barely sustained her part in the conversation. But Ned never looked back to see what effect his absence had produced. He sought Susan Davis, and offered her the same invitation he had resolved on giving Patty, though not with quite so much pleasure. It was readily accepted, and very soon was noised about the room—Whether Patty was made unhappy by it we know not, but she slipped quietly out, and found her way home at an hour much earlier than would have been anticipated. She stealthily reviewed all invitations to the ride, and she had many. Ned didn't venture to inquire till they got ready to start, whether she was going or not; but when he saw the party all assembled, and no Patty, he felt really disappointed. He ventured to ask if she had been forgotten.

"Forgotten!" no, echoed many voices; "she wouldn't come at any rate; she had invitations enough, but they did not suit her ladyship."

Ned's pleasure was marred; he was pleased too, at the thought that possibly it might be for his sake. At any rate, he talked so much about her, and what a less her merry laugh and sparkling eyes were to the assembly, that Miss Susan Davis began to feel quite incensed about it, and said with a tone of some pique, that she had flirted and coquetted with so many of the young men, that she guessed they began to grow tired of her. Ned thought she could draw a host about her with a smile any time. "She hasn't been quite as lively as usual these last few weeks; what can be the matter, do you know?"

"No, I don't," rather tartly replied Susan—"She used to be wild enough, and has had part in some rather bold plots."

"Indeed," was Ned's only response, for he was just coming to the conclusion that he had more than ordinary interest in her pretty face and charming manners.

By the way, Mr. Baylie," said Susan, after an awkwardly long pause, "did you ever find out who broke that splendid new sleigh of yours?"

She had touched a subject sure to command his attention. "No; do you know anything about it?" he asked, earnestly.

"Suppose I did," she replied evasively, "would you give me the promised reward?"

"Indeed I would, willingly," he replied, "ten dollars would be nothing if I could discover the rascal. I'd have my revenge."

"Don't be too harsh, Mr. Baylie," she continued, "very likely you wouldn't execute one of your threats."

"Wouldn't I, though?" he asked in a determined tone. "Just let me find out, and I will show you what I can do. Now, answer me straightforward—do you know who was the perpetrator?"

"I will answer you in as concise a manner as possible that I do."

"Who was it, then?"

"O, it doesn't follow because I know that I shall tell you. Very likely it may be some one I have great interest in, and wouldn't like to subject to your vengeance."

"Come," he continued, with something of impatience, "don't trifle us—if you know, tell me."

"Suppose I tell you that all your anger will vanish, when I announce the name?"

"I don't care what you tell me about my anger, if you tell the name."

"Well then, Patty Cary."

"Patty Cary! Pshaw! don't quibble; I do not believe you know any more about it than I do."

"I have told truth, and now you won't believe me!"

"Why, she couldn't have broken a sleigh alone; she must have had assistance, and perhaps investigators."

Then Susan was obliged to recount the whole history of the sleighing bee and the frolic, and when she had concluded, she asked mischievously—Where, now, is your promised vengeance?"

"Not abated a whit; I still swear to have my revenge."

After all was told, Susan tried to enforce secrecy on him as to the source of his knowledge, and even promised to give up the reward if he wouldn't betray her. Ned was in deep meditation all the rest of the evening; very likely he was planning some mode of revenge for that.

ing it a woman, anything he had proposed to himself before, would most likely fall in the present emergency.

At any rate he didn't seem to flinch in his stern resolutions, for the next morning Patty received a letter, requesting her presence at the house of Ned Baylie, to answer to a charge of willfully breaking a sleigh belonging to Edward Baylie.

Poor Patty trembled as soon as she read the first sentence, and ran to her chamber and wept bitterly, before she could go any further. There was not much thought. It barely said, it was thought better that the examination should take place at his house than more publicly, to save both her and her father's feelings; indeed it was not necessary that the subject should be mentioned to her father at all at present.

Patty prepared her dinner with a heavy heart, though she tried to appear cheerful—After it was through, she prepared for her walk, without mentioning its object to any one—When she arrived, Ned received her with great dignity, and showed her into a room in the centre of which stood a table very imposingly covered with papers.

He requested her to be seated, and notwithstanding he preserved the utmost reserve and composure of manner, yet somehow Patty felt at ease as soon as she entered his presence.

"Are you to examine me?" she asked, with something of the former twinkle in her eye.

Ned answered without losing his gravity, and then he handed her a paper, which he said would explain to her his wishes in respect to the subject.

Patty's little hand trembled as she took it up, but as her eye passed down its page, the color came rapidly to her cheeks, and ere she was quite through, she covered her face as nearly as she could with her hands, and half crying, half laughing, sunk—I was going to say into a chair—but she didn't, though she fully intended to.

A stout pair of arms encircled her little waist, and bore her to a seat on the sofa, and then the owner of those arms took a seat beside her, and took her hand in his—and—and—I don't know—but I should say, revenge was sweet that time any way. And I believe Susan Davis and several more girls thought it queer vengeance.

But we are quite sure parties interested in the affair were quite satisfied with it, so it's no further business of ours.

UNEASY PEOPLE.

There are many such in this shifting, changing world of ours. Indeed, uneasiness is the universal, all prevailing distemper of the country and of the times in which we live. We renege of this in every street, and among all classes of people: the pulling down and building up, the alterations and enlargements that are going on continually in dwelling-houses and stores; the voluntary changes and overturnings in business connections and pursuits; the shiftings from place to place, now here and anon there, the every day fruits and evidences of this restless and uneasy spirit which pervades the mass of our community. How few—how very few are disposed to make themselves comfortable and easy where Providence has placed them! How few even try to sit down and enjoy present good of their labor, the comforts and blessings which have been more or less bountifully sent in their paths, and with which their lives have been crowned! The poor man cannot persuade himself that there is any comfort for him until he can get richer; and the rich man cannot be happy until he has become richer. The blessings of day are overlooked and undervalued in the eager grasp with which the better things of to-morrow are anticipated and pursued. How seldom do we find, in this community, a man setting his heart on a good end and steadily and quietly pursuing that end—choosing a business, and sticking fast to that business—What multitudes among us stand constantly in a waiting posture for some new thing—new business, or pursuit—Here is one who was bred to a mechanical trade, and he is a good and successful mechanic; but he has no idea of spending his life in such drudgery; he intends to set up a store, to go into mercantile business, or to get a place under government—Here is another who was trained in the dry goods business, and he understands the trade well, but it is too tedious, and he is seriously contemplating a change, though he has not decided whether to be a broker or a dealer, or whether he shall open an oyster saloon. So it is, the land over: every body is restless and uneasy, except now and then an old fellow who has not caught "the spirit of the age," who is at least behind the times.

And what are the fruits and consequences of this ceaseless inquietude, this unrest of body, mind and estate? The answers know, the really eye, the sleepless nights, the broken health, the raging fever, the devouring consumption, and the premature deaths of thousands in the community universally, mournfully. Ah, how different a life might most least in this land of plenty and comfort if there was a little more contentment and quietude in their temperaments; if they could but lay aside this ever burning desire for change—change! and their ceaseless scratching and stretching after what is new, while what is, alas, overleaped, unappreciated, unenjoyed.

[From a Traveller.]

